(ALL BIGHTS SESESVED.) JENNY'S GIRL.

A Sketch from Whitechapel.

BY F. W. ROBINSON,

Author of " Lazarus in London," " Coward Conscience," &c.

Watchmen James Spurway is dozing over a fire on a Whitechapel street when he is awakened by a young girly comes to warm herself. He recognizes her as a girl who had played a p rank on him a few nights before, and no to question her. She is narefoot, though the weather is cold.

- "Mother's thusty."
- "When she's in reg'lar tip-top health, I mean, she's drefful thusty. She isn't now-oh, nonot by a long chalk, poor old gal, "said the child, staring gravely at the fire.
- compel ed to env.
- "Ob. is she?" "Se en days this time. Hard lines, ain't it?"
- "Shouldn't care for it much myself."
 "You see there'd been a barney-a reglar fight-a night or two ago. Didn't you hear a row down that court youder?'
- "Ah! they took her to the station out at tother end of our court. There was too big a erimmage to come this way. The whole kit on em would have been down one of these gulley holes. I had to cut and run myself, too. Jem said he'd kill me if I gave him any more of my check; as if I was going to see my mother knocked about by him. As if "---
- checked about by him. As if "——
 'Who's Jem'?

 'I don't know. Mother's feared on him, they say. Blest if I shouldn't like to job a knife in him myself. I shouldn't like to job a knife in him myself. I should I should—really. And, by good, I will, ome day. You see "

 'Me, Sparway was not prevared for so much dramate action from the will-looking child in the big bunut—the child who was transformed now, and was cooking at him with eyes dilated and any expression upon her face that make him fe I creepy. And yet—odd this was—he face of that he had see something like it before—somewhere—at some time or other—down in the country, where his eldest dau hiter lived still. That was a good many years allo, when another daughter, very much younger and prettier, went wrone. There was a great quarriel, and he farmed her out of doors; he remembered it all very well—too well. And she looked like that the last time he had over seen her and had called her by an awind name.

 'See here, gal, 'said Mr. Spurway in a stern, parental way even, 'you'd better go indoors than make a biay-acting silly of yourself."

 'Indoors—oha hi."

 'Why not? What are you rampaging about the streets like this for, night after night?

 'I an't got up money to pay the rent, and thoy won't have me in till mother comes back. There am't no your."

 'Oh, that's it. That's why I come here for a bit of a warn, old—genelman. I wish I was you, though."

 'What for?"

- though."
 "What for?"
 "Yours must be a jolly life—taking care o'
 things, and a fire allers handy, and nuffink to
- do.

 "I'm not dead set on it myself," he muttered.

 "Have you been minding gaspipes and big holes all your life?"

 "That & Gord, no."

 "Where were you afore this game, then?"

 "What a kid to be asking such a heap of onestions!—and what a rum kid, too!" he multired to himself.

 "Oh, I knew the country. My mother was a regime country woman once—down at Elton."

 "Eh, what do you say?"

 "Splendacious, the country is, if it doesn't rain. Then it's orini mucky, and spoils your clothes so. I've been hopping with mother and Jem, hundreds of times.

 "Don't tell no lies, gal. You can only hop once a year, can you?"

 "I don't know. Some on ye shout here are
- once a year, can you?"
 I don't know. Some on us about here are allers on the hop and"
 And before concluding this remark, which And before concluding this remark, which Mr. Spurway might take as a pun or as a piece of information, this child of the streets darted suddenly and rapidly away. She had seen some

- one advancing from the shadows of the courtit was very itil that escaped those dark, piercing eves a he s-some one whom she feared;
 and she had, foresting her lameness, sped
 away into the distance.

 "There's Jem."

 A hig, burly man came slouching along with
 his hands in his pockets—a man in a torn cordurey jacket and with a cap that looked made of "How's that?" the old carctaker felt somehow
 - A big, ourly man came slouching along with his hands in his pocket—a man in a torn cordurory jacket and with a cap that looked made of corduroy size, pulled very tightly over his head and cars. A forcheadless, ferret-eved, heavy-lowled man, whom no one of a sensitive disposition would care to meet alone in a by-treet or on a country road. A man who knew Chatham well, and Wormwood Serubs, and Portland—it was all clearly marked upon his forbidding countenance.
 - was all clearly marked upon his forbidding countenance.

 "Here—hi"—he called to Mr. Spurway;
 "have you seen a girrl about here to-night?"
 Mr. Spurway thought he would take time to consider, but Jem was not quite aure that the watchman had not gone to sleep with his back against the poles that held the lauterns, so he pieved up a clod of earth and threw it at him.

 "Holle," saud Mr. Spurway; "here, what the devil are you up to? Just stop that."

 Jem repeated his inquiry, and the caretaker said evasively. "Yes," he thought he had seen some one answering to the description.

 "How long axo."

 "Oh, I shouldn't like to say exactly."

 "Well, looke here, "said Jem, coming by de.

 - 'Ch, I shouldn't like to say exactly."

 'Well, lookee here, "said Jem, coming by degrees close to Mr. Spurway's coign of vantage.

 'I Mag comes this way ag'in—tell her her mother's get back—and so she'd better look sharp.

 'Have they let her out before her time?" asked the watchman.

 'Oh! you know all about the row, then? Well, o course you would. Yes, she's home. "How long has she been back?"

 'A hour or so—aid their cus-ed artfulness letting her come out afore her time to bother us. They knew what was up, well enough. Trust em.

 - They knew what was up, well enough. Trust 'em."

 "Knew what?"

 "Well, she's dead now. But don't you tell the kid that," he added, with the most malevolent of glances at the caretaker. "cos it wouldn't be good for the likes of an old man like you't blow it. Man wouldn't come back—I know her—and me and one or two more mean to have her back now Jenny Spurway's hooked it. Becom—what the are you bossing at me like that for?"

 "N—n—nothing," gasped the old man.

 - Becom —what the are you bessing at me like that for?"

 "N-n-nothing," gasped the old man.

 "All right. I thought it was a sit. Tell the girrl to look sharp—that her mother's werry awahus-like to see her, and that she's brought home some rum. Mag's sure to come along here in arf a hour or so. She's nowhere to go."

 "Foor girl! Nowhere."

 Mr. Spurway laid his short pipe on a pile of loose timber, and Jem took it up and put it between his front teeth, and slouched away with it ut he direction which he had come. He fore the man was out of sight Mr. Spurway had flopped down all of an ungraceful heap in the chaotic roadway.
 - man was out of sight Mr. Spurway had flopped down sil of an ungraceful heap in the chaotic roalway.

 "My God !" he wailed forth, "it is—it is "!" He forgot that his pipe was stolen; he set aside his grim imperturbability, born of much watching of gas p pes in ponly streets at dead of night, born of his own desolate existence, and was extrawagans and wild in his grief, flinging up his old arms even in supplicating attitude to the dark sky, whence the drizzling rain was coming flown like a blight.

 "Jennya girl! My Jenny! After all these years—like this!"

 There was true emotion, real despair and tragic force in this man, who took care of open roads and danger-signal lanterns and gas pipes; but no one one earth witnessed the disolay. When Mag came down Wheathoaf street again—which—she did very cautiously and almost on inp-toe—she was not able to detect any difference in Mr. Spurway, saye that he seemed to have a fresh cold in his head, and that was natural enough in such beastly weather.

 He beckened to her, and as she approached he said:

 "He's been looking for you—the big man in
 - "He's been looking for you—the big man in cordnroy—Jem."

"An unly dos, all face?" she inquired. NEWS OF THE STAGE WORLD. WILL THEY ROW AGAIN ?

- "An usly dog, all face?" she inquired.

 The same as you ran away from a little while ago."

 That's him—I know. He came and spoke to you. I was a watchin."

 No fear, "said Mag with a shiver, "hot me, till mother comes back."

 What will you do till then?"

 Oh. I shall rudge on somehow," was the reply. I am't afraid, only of him. He's an awful brute, he is."

 Would you—would you like to go into the country till your mother does come back. Mag? To hide like, and to be taken care of—by good people—people I know?"

 Oh! Lor' sakes, shouldn't I though?"

 'Well, then, take hold of this bit o' paper. That's where I live. Go there and wait till I come home to breakfast; tell em I sent yon—it's not very far from here—will you?"

 Yes, I'll go. Breffast, did you say, too?"

 He nodded.

 'I should think I would go, then—jest?"

 She took the paper, and was gone like a flash of lighttning with a large bounet on.

 Hourwafter, when it was daylight, and Mr. Spurway was off duly, he paid a visit to the den in the court off Wheatsheaf street. The door hung upon one hinge, so there was no difficulty in gaining admittance. The trouble w saiways how to get out again in the face or voicet opposition and the levying of black-mail. There were two or three women in the narrow passage, and Jem was standing at the open door of a room on the left, smoking Mr. Spurway whyse.

 'Oh. I called to ask—just to ask—if the girl has come home?' said Mr. Spurway.

 No, she sint; and when she does she'll eatch it. Hot.

 'Is her mother in—there?' Mr. Spurway asked in a husky whisper.

 'Yes, She is."

 An! and she don't look bad, either. 'cried a shrill voice from within—a voice that was a liste t pay in its tones, perhaps, but had a true ring of sympathy with it. 'Poor od Jenny Spurway would you like to see her. guv'nor?'

 I should, very muoh.

 Will yer pay yer tootin. genelman?' asked Jem, with a short laus. Were hard-up in-thow, and a copper of two—"here the activation in the noney for the show.

 He passed in. The room smelt like a charnel house already, w

- so Heaven rest her som, "he whispered to himself.

 He went away, betraying no further emotion, only looking yellowish and haggard, with a dropping tendency of the lower jaw. There was a laugh from those who were awake—'He looked so skeered, the old man did, after all," they said.

 The next day, Spurway's daughter down at Elton, Hunts, received a letter by hand. The bearer was a dark-eyed girl, fairly clad, with sound boots and stockings on but wearing a most tremondous bonnet.

 "Take care of licr," the letter said, 'till I come down next Sunday, Don't ask her any questions. Jenny is dead, and this is Jenny's girl."
- And Jenny's girl throve apace from that day, and did instice to the rough but simple hearts that had turned her, as by a touch of God's hand, from the deep and darker way.

 THE EXD.
- A Capacious Capacity. "So you have entered the employ of Schoone A Pretzel, the wine merchants? What is your capacity?" capacity?"
 "H'm, well, about eight quarts."

FROM CALIFORNIA.

LODI, SAN JOAQUIN CO., Cal., 1 Nov. 29, 1887. GENTLEMEN: We have just bought another box of Dr. C. McLaye's Celebrated Lives Pills, which we find to be so excellent for keeping the system in order and evercoming sick beadache that we never use anything else. I cheerfully testify to the merit of Dr. C. McLane's CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS.

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IBSEN PLAYS TAKEN UP AS A NEW THE-

Talk of a Big Production of Shakespeare's "Tempest"-"Shenandoah" to linve a Spell at Proctor's After Oct. 21-W. S. fillbert's Attempt to Repudinte "The

It is not at all likely that Henrik Ibsen and his plays will become the craze in this country that they are at present in Eugland, where Ibsen societies and Ibsen discussions and Ibsen disciples are claiming the attention of the Loudisciples are claiming the attention of the Loudoners, who, unless they have a hobby of some sort, are miscrable. The lisenities of this country seem to be headed by A. P. Dunlop, whose soul is possessed with entinesiam for the Norwegian poet, "the Shake-pears of Scandinavia," as he calls him. Mr. Dunlop was educated at the University of Copenhagen, and left it just as lisenis son entered. He speaks the three Scandinavian languages Norwegian, Danish and Swedishi as easily as he does English. Mr. Dunlop is at present translating. The Pillars of Society. "Ghosts," An Enemy of Society, and Romersholm, and thinks that these will be appreciated in America. "I spent many thousand dollars in my palmy days," he said yesterday. "Jearning liberis" language, because I wanted to become a student of Sason. Most Americans anxious to thoroughly understand their own language, take to Greek and Latin; I took to Sason, with success too. Mr. Dunlon flitting about Broasway, booking up "business," and the earnest cloquent being who tails liben by the hour with the glow of enthusiasm on his face, and the teverish exaltation of the theoristinthis gestures, are hardly recognizable as the same person. The Norweydau playwright has never had a warmer upholder. doners, who, unless they have a hobby of some

A big production of "The Tempest" is on the table. By the bye, what a number of big productions the table supports.

Edmund Mortimer has written a new play called The Queen of Hearts. Mr. Mortimer says that the title is suggested by a role assumed by the heroine in a concert hall. This young playwright's other effort. The Shanty Queen, is shortly to be produced by Miss Frankie Kembie.

Anent the production of "The Brigands" in England, a London authority says; "It is hard upon dilbert to have an early and possibly crude work of his foisted upon the public, with all the prestice of his name, at the present day, "Gilbert is said to have obtained an injunction against the improper use of his name. He wrote "The Brigands" twenty years ago and parted with the copyright. Still no man has a right to be ashamed of the children of his brain of which he was once proud. There is such a thing as literary subbory.

Rudolph de Cordova, who was appounced as

Rudolph de Cordova, who was announced as making his first appearance in this country with Miss Clara Morris, says that he was to have been in that lady's company, but is not to go with it. M. Cordova declares that it would not have been his American debut a yway. He recited W. S. Gilbert's "Broken Hearts" on one occasion, in 1886, and last season was with Mary Anderson.

Sardou is said to be writing a play for Coque-lin in which that actor will appear at the Porte St. Martin.

"Shenandoah" replaces "The Great Metropolis" at Proctor's Oct. 21. "Shenandoah" was only to have had "Ix weeks in this city. "The Great Metropolis" was to have run all season. After all, it is the public that decides.

Miss Clara Morris, who is playing this week at the Grand Opera-House, will appear to night in "Camille." Miss Morris seems to have lost none of her popularity, as packed houses have been in order so far this week.

to laugh? Everybody with poor teeth, natural or artificial. All such who would anjoy laughing when the spirit moves, should go at once to Jersey City, York and Grove Sts. Newark, Broad and Market Sts.

MUCH DISSATISFACTION OVER THE EIGHT-OARED SHELL RACE.

Football Teams Getting Into Practice-"Alt" Copeland Laid Up with an Injured Leg-Athlete Gibbs Is Coming Here to Live-Johnny Rengan and Young Mitchell Training Hard.

There is much hard feeling over the way the eight-oared shell race was started last Saturday. The New York Athletic crew admit that they could not have won, even had the race been well started, since one of their men. No. 2, was so unfortunate as to break his seat early in the race, thus becoming only a passenger throughout the remainder of the contest. But the Metropolitans and Nonpareils are considerably "put out" over the manner in which the race was conducted and are clamoring for another race. There is no rule to prohibit the race being rowed anew and these two clubs are hopeful that the referee will so order.

The New York Athletic Club football eleven play the Columbia College team this afternoon at the laster's grounds at Erastina. Play will be called at 4 o'c.ock. The Athletic Club team will be selected from the following men: Cochrane, Scott. Law on Laidlaw, Austin, Coster, J. W. Carter, 'teers, Schie inger, Milliau, Hausling, Buniget, Hayes, Weinach auf Fisher. The Columbia cleven will be made up from the following men: Hanford, Gildersleeve, Metcaile, O'Gorman, Tuttle, Braziley, Robertson, Rairns, Christy, Langthorne, Douglas, Blossom, Pierce, Dillworth, Hewiett, Martin and O'Connor.

The Crescent Football Team will be The Crescent Football Team will be very strong back of the rush-line this year. Buil, the unenomenal kicker of the Yaie team for the past five years, will play fullback; Wyllys Terry, one of the best helfbacks Yale ever had, will occupe a -imilar position on the Brooklyn team, and Harr Beecher, who were the blue during the pa t four years at quarter-back, will hold the same place on the Crescent team.

"Alf" Copeland's recent accident debars him from further competition this year. The fibria of his left leg is broken and the limb is now enveloped in a plaster of Paris case. The surgeon says he will never be able to hurdle again, but he can run in the flat races.

Gibbs, the Canadian athlete, is coming to New York to live. Contrary to general supposi-tion, he is not a Canadian by birth, but a native of the States. He will probably join the Man-hattan Athletic Club.

John B. Day, President of the New York Base-bai; Club, has granted the New York Athletic Club football team all the privileges of the new Polo Grounds.

There is strong probability of a glove contest between California Jimmy Carroll and Billy Myer, to take place at the California Athletic Club for a big purse. Most of the Eastern money would be on Myer.

Jack Dempsey's friends are leaving no stone unturned to bring about another match for their favorite with the doughty Marine.

Both Johnny Reagan and young Mitchell are now training very hard for their contest at the California Athletic Club the latter part of the month. New Yorkers are bemoaning the fact that Reagan has over thirteen pounds to "train off" before he reaches weight—147 pounds.

At the annual general meeting of the National Cross-Country Association, held at the Grand Union Hotel hast night, it was decided to withdraw the suit between the Rubi and Ware factions, and peace is once more established betters.

tions, and peace is once more established be-tween these two clubs. Both met in harmony and elected officers for the en-ning year.

Beware

All He Wanted! [From Monsey's Weekly. 1

- "I have here," said the travelling agent, "something that will fill a long-felt want."
 "What is it?" growled old Boggs-"s machine or bouncing canvassers?"
 - AMUSEMENTS.

BUOU THEATRY WREE OF A HOLE IN THE GROUND Howard Athenaum Specialty Co.

- KOSTER & BIAL'S CONCERT HALL.

 2 CHAND BURLENGUES

 2 CHAND BURLENGUES

 2 CHAND BURLENGUES

 2 Next week the Great Jaja acce Fantaciet.

 VANK HOE assented by ORNENE.

 MATINEES MONDAY—WEDNESDAY—SATURDAY.
- DOCKSTADER'S THEATER OF ENGLAND'S Prof. J. R. MILLER, PRIMIER WIZARD PROF. J. R. MILLER, OF THE WORLD. JOHN REBNELL, HATTIE LA FRANCE Evenings, 8 50. Wednesday and Saturday Matines 2 BARRY and FAY. MEKENNA'S FLIRTATION.
- EVE 8.15. ACADEMY, SAT MAT. THE OLD HOMESTEAD.
- HARLEM OPERA-HOUSE

 Evenings at F. M. Dat. Matthew 2 P. M.

 String Wiff E.

 Monday, Oct. 7th, Little Lord Fauntleroy. PHANCATHEATRE. BOWERY.
 DOUBLE COMPANY IN CONTINUOUS SHOWS.
 SPECIAL ACCOMMODATION FOR LADIES.
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 Reserved Beats—Oreh Circle and Balcony—50c.
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 Every night and Wed, and Sat. Mat. The vaccess,
 fur meterisms. The Ruling Passion. Mass Lotic Church
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- CASINO STATE OF THE ATTER AND SOLVEN SPACE OF THE ORDER OF STATE OF THE ORDER OF STATE OF STA
- TH AVENUE THRATHE. LAST WEEK, OPERA COMPANY, IN PAULA. PAULA.
 Neat Week, Mr. and Mrs. Kend 1 in "A Scrap of Paper." Sale of seats begins Thursday, Oct. d.
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 Bronson Howard's trestest Success,
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 PRANK I. IN HIS DIOGENES

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Men's Storm Ulsters, worth \$12, at .						3.95	Boys' Winter
Men's Elegant Fall Overcoats, worth \$16, at						5.15	Boys' School
Manla Cunarh Illators and Cone Costs worth		of				6.45	Rave! Drace

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